THE OLD SCHOOL.

The master frowned severely and we gave
him strictest heed;
He taught us how to think and feel and
do a hardy deed.
Do you, I wonder, go to school to one
whose name is Need?

The text-books that we used were Life
and Service and Good-Will;
We learned our wholesome lessons, and
they linger with us still.
Do you, too, gather wisdom while your
brain is under drill?

We had no stately buildings in those
homely, early days;
The things we touched were plain and
rough; we heard scant words of
praise.
Say, is your heart the larger now because
of larger ways?

No royal path to knowledge ever opened
to our eyes,
And yet we somehow journeyed on where
God's great highway lies;
And always over us have spread the wide
and friendly skies.

—Youth's Companion.

Dick's Proposal.

By JAMES GRAY WADDELL.

Madeline Kelter was really a remarkably pretty girl. Soft brown eyes, whose demureness was belied by a mischievous light, seldom absent; dark brown hair, clustering in bewitching curls over the white forehead; features small and piquant, matching a figure sylphlike and graceful—such were her charms, and she was every whit as charming as she looked.

Furthermore, she dressed divinely, thanks to an unstinted purse; for her father, George A. Kelter, was a successful broker, a member of the Stock Exchange, and she was his only child.

In the natural order of things it followed that sooner or later her existence must involve the happiness of some man, if not of several.

Dick Rudford, at least, was one.

Having made the discovery at an early stage of their acquaintance that she was essential to his happiness, he at once set to work to convince her that he was essential to hers. His efforts were so far from being fruitless that it only remained to lay the combined facts before her father, in the hope that what they involved would be commensurate with his happiness also.

Unfortunately, there was every reason to apprehend that Mr. Kelter would prove the obstacle which invariably hampers the course of true love. Rudford was also a stock broker, and, being a particularly smart young man, had made his presence felt in the Stock Exchange.

So it came about that in one or two little operations in which he had been opposed to his hypothetical father-in-law, that gentleman had come out with by no means flying colors. Not being of a magnanimous nature, his resentment was kindled at being outdone by a man so much his junior, for Rudford was only twenty-eight.

So when Dick proposed to beard the lion in his den, his feelings were not entirely those of unmixed joy.

"I shall get kicked out, Maddie, I know," he said, disconsolately.

"Never mind, Dick, dear," she replied, encouragingly. "Am I not worth the risk of being kicked?"

"Yes; but the process is unpleasant, and I fear I shall not take kindly to it," he replied, with a rueful smile. "However, the thing has to be done so there is no use shirking. I will see the old man tonight."

They were lunching together in town—by no means a rare occurrence—when this momentous decision was made. Madge's movements were entirely unrestricted. Her father, engrossed in his business, did not interfere with her in any way. Since his wife's death Mr. Kelter had ceased to go into society, toward which he never had any great leaning, though he did not hinder his daughter from doing so.

This partly explained his ignorance of the present state of affairs, for the young people met one another constantly at the houses of mutual friends.

Dick presented himself at Mr. Kelter's mansion that evening with a mind full of misgivings. The process of demanding a daughter's hand from her stern parent is at all times a trying ordeal, even when a favorable reception may be expected.

But when, as in the present case, the reverse was the greater probability, even a rising stock broker might be pardoned a certain amount of nervousness. "Bulls" and "bears" he could face with equanimity, but this was something altogether outside his experience.

However, the thought of his little Maddie braced him up, and when shown into the august presence he was quite prepared to risk being kicked out, or anything else, for her sake.

Mr. Kelter was surprised at the announcement of his visitor. He was considerably more surprised and much annoyed when Dick, going straight to the point, stated his business clearly and concisely. But no emotion was betrayed, however; it was not his way.

"May I ask," he said, quietly, "if my daughter is aware of this proposal of yours?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Dick. "She has already promised to marry me; your consent is the only thing required."

Mr. Kelter, in his own mind, promised his daughter a pleasant ten minutes.

"It would have been as well to have ascertained my views on the subject before coming to this interesting arrangement," he said, dryly. "Such a course would have saved you both much disappointment, in view of the fact that I utterly decline to sanction anything of the sort."

"May I ask the nature of your objections?" said Dick, quietly.

"I have other views for my daughter—that is sufficient; so you may consider the matter at an end." And he turned to his papers as an intimation that the interview also was at an end.

Dick rose. This brusque treatment was somewhat exasperating, and, as a consequence, his parting shot was neither conciliatory nor diplomatic.

"Since you decline to justify your attitude, I decline to consider the matter at an end," he retorted. "If I judge your daughter rightly, she will marry me without your consent, if necessary."

Mr. Kelter shrugged his shoulders, without deigning a glance at the audacious young man.

"That will be her affair," he replied, calmly. "Of course, she may go her own way if she pleases, and—take the consequences."

There was nothing more to be gained by prolonging the interview after this delivery of their respective ultimata, and Dick took his departure, boiling inwardly.

When he had gone, Mr. Kelter rang a bell, and a servant quickly answered the summons.

"Ask Madeline to come here," he said, curtly.

Madeline duly appeared, ready for the fray, for which her knowledge of Dick's visit had already prepared her.

"I have just had a visit from Mr. Rudford," began Mr. Kelter, with a calmness which was ominous. "I am given to understand that you were aware of his errand?"

"Yes, papa," she demurely replied.

"He tells me you have promised to marry him?"

"Yes, papa," still more demurely.

"Which promise was made, of course, subject to my approval," he went on, dryly. "I disapprove entirely, and have not the slightest intention of allowing you to keep it, as I have already informed Mr. Rudford."

"Very unkind of you, papa. And why? He is a really good man."

"He is not the sort of man I would choose for you; that is enough. Should you marry him in defiance of my wishes, you shall never touch a dollar of my money."

The threat was probably called forth by a sudden doubt on Mr. Kelter's part as to whether his veto would prove sufficient—his daughter's demeanor displaying a certain quiet obstinacy new to him, her will having never before entered into conflict with his own on any vital point.

"Very well, papa, dear," she replied, cheerfully. "I shall have to marry Dick some day; he has my promise, and I can't go back on that. As for the money, you will have to leave it to found an orphanage or something of that sort. That would be so nice for the orphans, poor dears."

At this point Mr. Kelter did a thing rare with him; he lost his temper. His clinched fist came down on the table with a crash that made everything jump, the prelude to a terrific oration to which there was no listener, for his daughter had precipitately fled from the rising storm.

Madeline did not rush off to her room and throw herself on the bed with the tears and lamentations customary in such cases.

No, she went away and wrote a very sweet letter to Dick, in which the mischievous element appeared only once, when she congratulated him upon having made a dignified departure without the aid of feet other than his own.

"At least," she wrote, "I judge that your departure was dignified, there being an utter absence of sounds which would indicate otherwise."

She went on to tell her dear boy not to worry—that things would all come right in the end, and that if it came to the worst, she would just have to marry him without the parental consent. "Only, in that case, Dick, dear, you would probably have to take me in the frock I stand in, and without any other worldly possessions." The letter concluded with a promise to lunch with him on the morrow.

And a very delightful lunch they had, perhaps all the more so that they knew it was stolen fruit in the light of Mr. Kelter's contumacy, which was discussed in all its bearings and characterized as wholly illogical.

"He has his knife into me, Maddie, and no mistake," said Dick, resentfully.

"Never mind," replied Madeline, cheerfully, "It has to come out again—that's all, or papa is not going to have a rosy time. So, Dick, dear, you may be quite happy. We shall see just as much of one another as heretofore, and in another year, let us say—a year is not a very long time, Dick, and papa may give in before then if he sees we are determined—I will marry you, with or without his consent; although, as I told you, in the latter case the frock I wear may represent all my possessions."

"That's all right, Maddie," answered Dick, recklessly; "I will get you lots more."

Then she went off to do some shopping while he went to the Stock Exchange, and had a bad time, hampered as he was by a pair of soft brown eyes which would intrude themselves upon him, and for the possession of which he was little inclined to wait a whole year.

Brown eyes are by no means a desirable subject for reflection where "bulls" and "bears" are rampant; and Dick, when he returned to his office and went into his transactions for the day, was really alarmed at the reckless nature of some of them.

"This sort of thing won't do, anyhow," he reflected. "At this rate, it won't run to frocks at all, and Maddie mustn't be done out of them."

The following day was to be a portentous one for Mr. Kelter, and its portentousnes was to reflect in somewhat sensational fashion on the affairs of Dick and Madeline.

In the first place, things went wrong with Mr. Kelter. He was perusing his paper at breakfast, utterly ignoring the presence of his daughter, who was seated opposite to him, looking the very incarnation of sweetness and daintiness. She was still in his black books, although the subject of strife had not again been mentioned.

Suddenly something like a very strong word escaped him. Madeline put her hands to her ears with the remark:

"How dreadful, papa! What is the matter?"

Her query was treated with disdain. The fact was, a company in which he was interested to the extent of sixty thousand dollars had gone to smash in an utterly unexpected manner. He had acquired the stock only a few days before, for the purpose of a "deal," and the failing of his premeditated "coup" was galling to his professional pride, although he could not reproach himself for any laxity, for the concern involved had a high reputation for soundness. The loss of the money was certainly serious, but the toll of the day's misfortunes was not to end there.

Dick Rudford, shortly after arriving at his office, was handed a telegram in his private cipher. He translated it, and the result was a hasty visit to the telephone and instructions to his representative on 'Change to sell out his stock in "Denver Nugget." Then he went back to his desk, and was about to resume writing when something seemed to flash across his mind.

He lay back in his chair and pondered for a few minutes. Then a broad grin appeared on his face.

"Great Caesar!" he murmured softly; "what a game! All's fair in love and war, so why not?"

A short period of further cogitation, and then he jumped to his feet.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood leads on to—Maddie," he remarked, cheerfully. "Here goes!"

He went to the telephone and rang up Mr. Kelter's office.

"Mr. Kelter in?" he inquired.

"Yes," came the answer.

"What time does he go out?"

"Usually about eleven-thirty. Who is it?"

"Never mind; that's all I want to know."

Once more he called up his man at the Stock Exchange and certain instructions followed, the nature of which will presently appear. Then he put on his hat and gloves and sauntered over to Mr. Kelter's office, which was only a few minutes' walk from his own.

He sent in his name by a clerk.

"What the deuce does he want now, anyhow?" muttered Mr. Kelter, who was not in the sweetest of moods that morning, and promptly sent back word that he was busy and could not see him.

The clerk returned with a message: "Mr. Rudford says it is of the utmost importance to you that you should see him, sir."

"Confound his impudence!" said Mr. Kelter irritably. "Tell him to—" He paused, struck by the ambiguity of Dick's message. "Here, show him in," he finished testily.

Dick, looking particularly smart and neat, entered with an affable "Morning, Mr. Kelter," to which that gentleman responded with a grunt.

His visitor seated himself without invitation and proceeded deliberately to draw off his gloves. Mr. Kelter watching the process with ill-concealed impatience.

"Well," he said at last, brusquely, "what is your business?"

"May I ask, Mr. Kelter, what time you make it by your watch?"

Kelter stared at him, doubting whether he heard aright, and, if so, whether Dick had taken leave of his senses.

"I presume," he replied, "you did not come here to ask idiotic questions?"

"Well, to come to the point, I make the time eleven-twenty. At eleven-thirty you stand to lose one hundred thousand dollars."

"When you condescend to explain perhaps I shall understand what you are driving at," said Mr. Kelter, tartly.

"You are a holder in the Denver Nugget Mine to that amount, as I happen to know. It has had a misfortune. Water has broken in, and the mine will probably never be worth working again. The news is not out, but I have a friend on the spot—one of my friends—who sent me a private telegram. You may rely absolutely upon his information. On the strength of it, I have disposed of my stock."

Kelter never for one moment doubted the story. His knowledge of the young man would not permit of it. Things looked decidedly serious. He jumped at the one possible loophole—the fact that the news was not yet public property, and moved toward the telephone.

"No use, Mr. Kelter; it can't be done in the time."

Kelter turned quickly.

"Then why the devil have you come here to tell me this? I presume you did not do so for your own edification?"

"Certainly not," replied Dick, imperturbably; "self interest—that is all. My representative in the Exchange has instructions to give the thing away at eleven-thirty unless he hears from me to the contrary. Whether he does so or not depends upon yourself. In the one case, you lose your money; in the other, you will have time to sell out, as there is no suspicion at present of anything being wrong with the mine Shares are now slightly above par, and the disaster will be kept dark as long as possible by the parties interested."

"Well!" said Kelter, impatiently; "go on! What are you driving at?"

"Well," returned Dick quietly, "in the event of your giving your consent to my marrying your daughter my man will be told to keep his mouth shut. You have not much time, Mr. Kelter."

The audacity of the scheme took away Mr. Kelter's breath for a moment, and then for the second time within three days he boiled over.

"No!" he shouted violently; "confound your impudence!"

The sounds penetrated to the outer office, and the clerks marveled at such unwonted ebullition on the part of their usually calm and impassive employer. Dick took up his hat and gloves.

"Very well, sir," he said, indifferently; "I wish you good-day."

At times the mind works with lightning rapidity and before Dick was half way down the stars Mr. Kelter had done a lot of thinking. He had already dropped sixty thousand dollars that day, and another hundred was as good as gone if he did not quickly decide upon accepting the young man's odious condition.

Whether he accepted it or not the result was likely to be the same, for his daughter's first defiance of his wishes had opened his eyes to strength of will he did not credit her with possessing, and which he did not conceal from himself would ultimately end in her going her own way, in spite of any opposition on his part. And one hundred and sixty thousand dollars! He groaned; it must not be!

He rushed to the door.

"Ask Mr. Rudford to come back", he shouted; and a clerk started in pursuit.

Dick came back. He knew quite well what this meant, but did not allow any undue elation to appear.

"I agree, Rudford," said Mr. Kelter, briefly; and, having passed his word, Dick knew that Madeline was as good as his.

He dived at the telephone; there was just time. He rang up his man and cancelled his previous instructions. When he came out of the box his prospective father-in-law had disappeared, having rushed off to the Stock Exchange, where he made the most of his opportunity and finally succeeded in unloading his shares at a very slight loss before the bubble burst. The doubtfulness of the transaction did not trouble the two men—they were stock brokers.

Dick returned to his office considerably elated. He was considerably more elated when, in the course of the afternoon, he received an invitation to dine with Mr. Kelter that evening.

That gentleman never did things by halves, and Dick's action, though by no means disinterested, had undoubtedly saved him a very heavy loss, for which he was correspondingly grateful.

* * * *

So, when the wedding day took place, six weeks later, he came down handsomely, and Dick took to himself a by no means dowerless bride. Furthermore, her frocks, in number and in every other way, were all that could be desired.—New York Weekly.

Oldest Library in London.

Lincoln's Inn contains the oldest library in London, it having been originally built in 1497, in the reign of Henry VII. In 1676 the library came into possession of all the manuscripts of Sir Matthew Hale, who had bequeathed them to the inn. The inn is also famous for its beautiful old Gothic wall, which still fronts Chancery Lane.—London Law Clerk.

MAKE A BLUFF.

If there isn't any pleasure
Waits for you besides the way,
If there's not a thing to grin at
In your journey day by day,
If you've got excuse for kicking
And for stirring up a row,
Don't you do it! Don't you do it!
Just be happy, anyhow.

Just be happy, just be happy;
Take the fiddle and the bow,
Smuggle it against your shoulder,
Limber up and let her go,
Till the world is full of music
And there's joy in every string,
Till you get all outdoors laughing
And you make the echoes sing.

It's a duty you are owing
To the world to shake your feet,
And to lift your voice in singin'
Till the music fills the street;
If the world is dark and gloomy
And you haven't got a friend,
It's your duty to dissemble,
It's your duty to pretend.

If you meet the world a-grinnin',
Then the world will grin at you,
You can laugh the clouds to flinders
Till the blue sky glimmers through;
If you just pretend you're happy,
With your whole heart in the bluff,
Then, almost before you know it,
You'll be happy sure enough!

—The Houston Post.

"Can this neighbor of your sing?" "No, but she does."—Baltimore American.

He—I always have my evening dinners served a la carte. She—From one of those night lunch wagons, I suppose.—Chicago Daily News.

Lady Cyclist—Can you tell me if there is any Saxon work in this church? Old Man—Lor' bless yer, mum, I be the Saxon.—Punch.

"Willie Green," said the teacher, "you may define the word memory." "Memory," said Willie, "is what we forget with."—Philadelphia Record.

Wife—Now that Dr. Parker has married that millionairess, do you suppose he'll cut us? Husband—Yes; but he'll charge more for doing it.—Judge.

"I admire a man," said Uncle Eben "dat keeps hopin' foh de best. But I doesn' like to see him sit down an' call it a day's work."—Washington Star.

"Bigley seems to have broad and somewhat startling views of art." "Yes. He got his early impressions in a billboard neighborhood."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Some day, my little man, you may be President of the United States." "I'm in no hurry," answered the precocious child. "I have to listen enough advice now."—Washington Star.

"How come you puttin' up a lightnin' rod?—don't you believe in Providence?" "Oh, yes; but de trouble is, de lightnin' don't stay long 'nuff ter git eddicated in my beliefs!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Miss Caustick—Were you much impressed with Old Castile while you were in Spain? Mrs. Suddenrich—No, I don't care for it. We get all our soaps in Paree by the box.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"A large numberf of people keep on talking when they have ceased thinking," says the Baltimore American. But would you make a voiceless solitude of our best society—Cleveland Plaindealer.

"Delia," began Mrs. Newliwed, timidly; "I don't suppose—er—that you would—er—object to my getting an alarm clock——" "Not at all, ma'am," replied the sleepy cook; "them things never disturb me at all."—Philadelphia Press.

"I'm afraid to take fencing lessons, for 'tis such an exhausting exercise." "Not a bit of it. Who told you so?" "Maizie is taking them, and she always is talking about how she feints so often while she's practising."—Baltimore American.

"My daughter is positively delighted with her new piano," said Miss Nexdore; "she's quite familiar, you know with all the classical composers—" "Familiar?" exclaimed Mrs. Pepprey, "why, she's positively flippant."—Philadelphia Press.

Green—I thought Drawley, the architect, was quite wealthy. Brown—Well, you thought right. Green—But he has recently been declared a bankrupt. Brown—Naturally. He undertook to build a house for himself.—Chicago Daily News.

"Then there's another thing," Miss Hayho. You know—what was that curious noise?" "It was only the clock. It always makes a sound like that when the calendar hand moves to the next figure. What were you about to say, Mr. Lingerlong?"—Chicago Tribune.

Her Mother—Does your husband take you into his confidence regarding his business affairs? Young Wife—Oh, yes; he did so only this morning. When I asked him to let me have $50 for a new gown he said he was very sorry, but business was so bad just now he couldn't possibly do it."—Chicago Daily News.